

this: your Lion that holds his Pollax sitting on a close stool, will be given to Ajax. He will be the ninth worthie. A Conqueror, and afraid to speake? Runne away for shame *Alisander*. There an't shall please you: a foolish milde man, an honest man, looke you, & soon dashit. He is a marvellous good neighbour insooth, and a verie good Bowler: but for *Alisander*, alas you see, how 'tis a little ore-parted. But there are Worthies a coming, will speake their munde in some other sort. *Exit Cu.*

*Qu.* Stand aside good Pompey.

*Enter Pedani for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.*

*Ped.* Great Hercules is presented by this Impe, Whose Club kil'd *Cerberus* that three-headed *Cannus*, And when he was a babe, a childe, a shrimpe, Thus did he strangle Serpents in his *Mannu*: *Quoniam*, he seemeth in minoritie, *Ergo*, I come with this Apologic. Keepe some state in thy exit, and vanish. *Exit Boy*

*Ped.* Iudas I am.

*Dum.* A Iudas?

*Ped.* Not Iscarot sir.

*Iudas I am, yelped Machabens.*

*Dum.* Iudas Machabens clipt, is plaine Iudas.

*Ber.* A kissing traitor. How art thou prou'd Iudas?

*Ped.* Iudas I am.

*Dum.* The more shame for you Iudas.

*Ped.* What meane you sir?

*Boi.* To make Iudas hang himselfe.

*Ped.* Begin sir, you are my elder.

*Ber.* Well follow'd, Iudas was hang'd on an Elder.

*Ped.* I will not be put out of countenance.

*Ber.* Because thou hast no face.

*Ped.* What is this?

*Boi.* A Citterne head.

*Dum.* The head of a bodkin.

*Ber.* A deaths face in a ring.

*Lon.* The face of an old Roman coine, scarce seene.

*Boi.* The pummell of *Cæsars* Faulchion.

*Dum.* The car'd-bone face on a Flaske.

*Ber.* S. Georges halfe cheeke in a brooch.

*Dum.* I, and in a brooch of Lead.

*Ber.* I, and worne in the cap of a Tooth-drawer.

And now forward, for we haue put thee in countenance

*Ped.* You haue put me out of countenance.

*Ber.* False, we haue giuen thee faces.

*Ped.* But you haue out-fac'd them all.

*Ber.* And thou wert a Lion, we would do so.

*Boi.* Therefore as he is, an Ass, let him go:

And so adieu sweet Iude. Nay, why dost thou stay?

*Dum.* For the latter end of his name.

*Ber.* For the Ass to the Iude: giue it him. *Iudas* a way.

*Ped.* This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

*Boi.* A light for monsieur Iudas, it growes darke, he may stumble.

*Que.* Alas poore *Machabens*, how hath hee bene baited.

*Enter Braggart.*

*Ber.* Hide thy head *Achilles*, heere comes *Hector* in Armes.

*Dum.* Though my meekes come home by me, I will now be merrie.

*King.* *Hector* was but a Trojan in respect of this.

*Boi.* But is this *Hector*?

*Lon.* I thinke *Hector* was not so cleane timber'd.

*Lon.* His legges is too big for *Hector*.

*Dum.* More Calfe certaine.

*Boi.* No, he is best indue'd in the small.

*Ber.* This cannot be *Hector*.

*Dum.* He's a God or a Painter, for he makes faces.

*Ber.* The Armipotent Mars, of Launces the almighty,

gane *Hector* a gift.

*Dum.* Agilt Nutmegge.

*Ber.* A Lemmon.

*Lon.* Stucke with Cloues.

*Dum.* No clouen.

*Ber.* The Armipotent Mars of Launces the almighty,

gane *Hector* a gift, the beire of *Ilion*:

A man so breathed, that certaine he would fight: yea

From morn till night, out of his Pavillion.

I am that Flower.

*Dum.* That Mint.

*Lon.* That Cullambine.

*Ber.* Sweet Lord Longanill reine thy tongue.

*Lon.* I must rather giue it the reine: for it runnes a-

gainst *Hector*.

*Dum.* I, and *Hector*'s a Grey-hound.

*Ber.* The sweet War-man is dead and rotten,

Sweet chukes, beat not the bones of the buried:

But I will forward with my deuice;

Sweet Royaltie bestow on me the fence of hearing.

*Berowne* steppes forth.

*Qu.* Speake braue *Hector*, we are much delighted.

*Ber.* I do adore thy sweet Graces slipper.

*Boi.* Loues her by the foot.

*Dum.* He may not by the yard.

*Ber.* This *Hector* furre surmounted *Hanniball*.

The parties gone.

*Clo.* Fellow *Hector*, she is gone; she is two moneths

on her way.

*Ber.* What meaneest thou?

*Clo.* Faith vnlesse you play the honest Trojan, the

poore Wench is cast away: she's quick, the child brags

in her belly already: tis yours.

*Ber.* Dost thou insamonize me among Potentates?

Thou shalt die.

*Clo.* Then shall *Hector* be whipt for *Iaquevitta* that

is quicke by him, and hang'd for *Pompey*, that is dead by

him.

*Dum.* Most rare *Pompey*.

*Boi.* Renowned *Pompey*.

*Ber.* Greater then great, great, great, great *Pompey*:

*Pompey* the huge.

*Dum.* *Hector* trembles.

*Ber.* *Pompey* is moued, more *Acees* more *Acees* stirre

them, or stirre them on.

*Dum.* *Hector* will challenge him.

*Ber.* I, if a haue no more mans blood in's belly, then

will sup a Flea.

*Ber.* By the North-pole I do challenge thee.

*Clo.* I wil not fight with a pole like a Northern man:

He slash, he do it by the sword: I pray you let mee bor-

row my Armes againe.

*Dum.* Roome for the incensed Worthies.

*Clo.* He do it in my shirt.

*Dum.* Most resolute *Pompey*.

*Page.* Master, let me take you a button hole lower:

Do you not see *Pompey* is vncausing for the combat: what

meane

meane you? you will lose your reputation. *Gentlemen and Souldiers pardon me, I will not combat in my shirt.*

*Qu.* You may not denie it, *Pompey* hath made the challenge.

*Ber.* Sweet bloods, I both may, and will.

*Ber.* What reason haue you for't?

*Ber.* The naked truth of it is, I haue no shirt,

I go woolward for penance.

*Boi.* True, and it was inioyned him in *Rome* for want

of Linnen: since when, He be sworne he wore none, but

a dishclout of *Iaquevitta*, and that hee weares next his

heart for a fauour.

*Enter a Messenger, Monsieur Marcade.*

*Mar.* God saue you Madame.

*Qu.* Welcome *Marcade*, but that thou interruptest

our meriment.

*Mar.* I am forrie Madam, for the newes I bring is

heauie in my tongue. The King your father

*Qu.* Dead for my life.

*Mar.* Euen so: My tale is told.

*Ber.* Worthies away, the Scene begins to cloud.

*Ber.* For mine owne part, I breath free breath: I

haue seene the day of wrong, through the little hole of

discretion, and I will right my selfe like a Souldier.

*Exit Worthies*

*Qu.* How fare's your Maiestie?

*Qu.* Boyet prepare, I will away to night.

*Kim.* Madame not so, I do beseech you stay.

*Qu.* Prepare, I say. I thanke you gracious Lords

For all your faire endeouours and entreats:

Out of a new sad-soule, that you vouchsafe,

In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide,

The libell opposition of our spirits,

Ifouer-boldly we haue borne our selues,

In the conuerse of breath (your gentleness

Was guiltie of it.) Farewell worthie Lord:

A heauie heart beares not a humble tongue.

Excuse me so, comming so short of thanks,

For my great suite, so easily obtain'd.

*Kim.* The extreme parts of time, extreme formes

All causes to the purpose of his speed:

And often at his verie loose decides

That, which long proceffe could not arbitrate.

And though the mourning brow of progenie

Forbid the smiling cortisie of Loue:

The holy suite which faime it would conuince,

Yet since loues argument was first on foote,

Let not the cloud of sorrow iustle it

From what it purpos'd: since to waile friends lost,

Is not by much so wholsome profitable,

As to reioyce at friends but newly found.

*Qu.* I vnderstand you not, my griefes are double.

*Ber.* Honest plain words, best pierce the ears of griefe

And by these badges vnderstand the King,

For your faire sakes haue we neglected time,

Plaid foule play with our oaths: your beautie Ladies

Hath much deformed vs, fashioning our humors

Euen to the opposed end of our intents.

And what in vs hath seem'd ridiculous:

As Loue is full of vnbesitting straines,

All wanton as a childe, skipping and vaine.

Form'd by the eie, and therefore like the eie.

Full of straying shap, of habits, and of formes

Varying in subiects as the eie

To euerie varied obiect in his

Which partie-coated preference

Put on by vs, if in your heauen

Haue misbecom'd our oathes:

Those heauenlie eies that look

Suggested vs to make: therefor

Our loue being yours, the err

Is likewise yours. We to our

By being once false, for euer

To those that make vs both, f

And euen that falshood in it s

Thus purifies it selfe, and turne

*Qu.* We haue receiv'd you

Your fauours, the Ambassad

And in our maiden counsaile

At courtship, pleasant iest, an

As bumbast and as lining to th

But more deuout then these ar

Haue we not bene, and therefor

In their owne fashion, like a m

*Du.* Our letters Madam, sh

*Lon.* So did our lookes.

*Refa.* We did not coat thes

*Kim.* Now at the latest min

Grant vs your loues.

*Qu.* A time me thinkes to

To make a world-without-en

No, no my Lord, your Grace

Full of deare guiltinesse, and

If for my Loue (as there is no

You will do ought, this shall

Your oth I will not trust: but

To some forlorne and naked

Remote from all the pleasures

There stay, vnill the twelue

Haue brought about their ann

If this austere insociable life,

Change not your offer made i

If frosts, and fasts, hard lodg

Nip not the gaudie blossome,

But that it beare this triall, ar

Then at the expiration of the

Come challenge me, challeng

And by this Virgin palme, no

I will be thine: and till that i

My wofull selfe vp in a mour

Raining the teares of lamenta

For the remembrance of my

If this thou do denie, let our

Neither intitled in the others

*Kim.* If this, or more then

To flatter vp these powers of

The sodaine hand of death cl

Hence euer then, my heart is

*Ber.* And what to me my

*Rof.* You must be purged

You are attaint with faults an

Therefore if you my fauor m

A tweluemonth shall you spe

But seeke the wearie beds of

*Du.* But what to me my

*Kat.* A wife? a beard, fair

With three-fold loue, I wist

*Du.* O shall I say, I thank

*Kat.* Not so my Lord, a